

AH, MISS DILLPICKLES, HERE ISS
A PANORAMA OF DEWITCHING CHARM
SPREAD OUT BEFORE US LIKE—



WILLIE WON'T PLAY IT AGAIN!

Saturday evening Willie arrived home with his new suit, looking as though he had passed through a serious attack of trouble during the afternoon.

It was entirely riddled with small holes, which had evidently been cut out with great care. His long-suffering mother wept when she beheld the ghastly condition of his new "rig-out."

"Oh, Willie, what have they been doing to you now?" she wailed.

"Nothing," said Willie; "only we've been playing shops."

"But what has that got to do with all those holes that have ruined your new suit?"

"Oh, well, you see, mother, we were playing grocery store"—

"Well, go on, Willie."

"And, you see, mother, I was the cheese!"

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION

Shamus O'Riley had just been introduced, for the first time in his life, to a circular saw, and the foreman of the sawmills, after giving him the necessary orders, left Shamus to his work.

Shamus was vastly interested in the buzzing blade, and, his curiosity getting the better of his discretion, soon found himself minus a finger.

As he sat disconsolately mopping the blood from his hand the foreman reappeared.

"Hello, my man, what's up with you?" he cried.

"What's up wid me, is it? Am not I after losin' a finger?" replied Shamus in great, and excusable, indignation.

The foreman frowned.

"And how on earth did you manage that?" he asked angrily.

Shamus shook his head.

"Sure, and I don't know! I just touched the blessed thing like this wid my finger, when— Be jabers, there's another one gone!"

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Mr. Skruge was very angry.

He eyed his wife with the pained expression of a man who finds that he is not appreciated.

His wife, as usual, was asking for more money.

"More money!" wailed Mr. Skruge. "Today is only Thursday, and I gave you a whole half dollar on Saturday! What on earth have you done with it?"

"Done with it!" scoffed his wife.

"Yes!" howled Skruge. "That's what I said—done with it. Here am I trying to do my duty by you and the children, but, at this rate, when I die you'll have to beg in the streets for the bare necessities of life!"

"Well," sniffed Mrs. Skruge, "I shall be a good deal better off than many poor women who have to start begging. You see, I'm getting plenty of practice now!"